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THE FAUST SAGA.

Translated from the German of KARL ROSENKRANZ, by ANNA C. BRACKETT.

The first part of Goethe's second period had been devoted to the pure Ideal; so much so, indeed, that he had undertaken in the *Tasso* to represent the Idealism of the creatively artistic soul. In the second part, the surprise of a great revolution moved him to the endeavor of making more clear the meaning of history, and of reducing to its proper measure what seemed so monstrous. Finally, in the third part, he advanced to the study of what is purely human. It was not, then, the soft, wavy lines of ideal beauty, the transfigured master-pieces of classical art, nor yet the answer to the historical sphinx of feudal monarchy which, in presence of the declaration of the inalienable rights of man, had plunged into the abyss of terrorism, that now held his attention; but it was the absolute human culture which became ever more and more the problem to whose complete representation he turned. Since the soul is only what it does, he desired to depict the deed by which the soul, flinging away all estrangement from itself, is first truly a soul—the deed of freeing itself. He represented this deed in a double form, as we have before said, as the severing, and then the reconciliation of science and art and life. One of these forms passes over from the insufficiency of knowledge to the experience of life, in order, with every step which it takes, to return again into

itself and into the comprehension of its own consciousness; the other passes over from the insufficiency of life into the new forming of life from the æsthetical stand-point, in order to reach the knowledge that the beauty of life which was sought finds its realization not as an agreeable appearance, but as the earnestness of freedom. On this account, the artificer must associate himself with others and raise his handiwork to the rank of an art, if he wishes to destroy the meanness of common life.

The first figure is that of Heinrich Faust, the philosopher; the second, that of Wilhelm Meister, the amateur actor. These are twin beings, who, setting out from different stand-points, arrive at last at the same result.

Of the two, the figure of Faust is the most exhaustively depicted. The illustration is carried so far at several points as almost to weary us with the detail. On the other hand, though Meister is very unfinished, yet the social literature of latter years has been obliged many times to refer to it because it deals with modern problems. As to the scenery, Faust belongs to the transitional period between the middle ages and modern times, while the Meister is placed in the transition from Orthodoxy to Enlightenment [*Aufklärung*], from fixed corporations to free association.

When Goethe's poetry is under consideration, it is customary to speak of the Faust poem as a powerful creation entirely by itself, and to make a special study of it, quoting at the same time all the passages in it which are generally accepted as fine. But we cannot proceed in this way. We must treat the tragedy of Faust as we have treated the other works. It ought to have for us no extent which cannot be measured by the standard already applied to the other poems. We shall also confine ourselves at first to the first part of the tragedy, for we must reserve the second till the close. If this was really planned at a much earlier time, and if, through a due regard for the organization of the whole, we must take into consideration that it grew into expression with Goethe's whole life and in its execution, it is to be considered as his last bequest.

In order not to be confused by the measureless quantity of Faust literature, which by means of Macmierz and Henri

Blaze has also spread into France, we must distinguish (1) the story itself, (2) its poetic composition, and (3) its signification. The great variety assigned to the third has created much chaotic literature. The interpreters have in their contest had in view two aims: some of them, as Göschel and Hinrichs, having endeavored to explain everything from the Idea; while others, as Weisse and Gervinus, have found their interpretation in the history of the poet and that of the eighteenth century. The two views are both justified, but ought not to exclude each other. The speculative interpretation ought not to go so far as to reduce the personages of the poem to merely allegorical bearers of ideas; and the historical tries to do too much when it represents the elements of the poem as nothing but poetical descriptions of the stages of Goethe's own life. For example, that the classic phantasmagory of Helen has with the poet himself some relation to his journey to Italy, all will admit; but to ponder on the question, what is expressed in this or that line about the journey, is a perilous attempt, and finally leads us only to the conclusion that the poet had somehow lived in his poetry.

If we would illustrate the *Faustiad* in its whole extent, we cannot refrain from taking into consideration the representations which the art of painting has made of it. Are these pictures not also interpretations? Have the drawings of Retsch, of Cornelius, and of Scheffer, not also touched the meaning? The wonderful tones with which Prince Radzivil has set to music the first part, have they not also revealed to us new beauties, as in the Spirit-chorus? Has not the theatrical representation been also of the greatest service to the clear conception of the purely dramatic element of the tragedy? Has not Seydelmann's play of Mephisto given us an entirely new insight into the Satanic confusion by the contemplation of the demon as a personified unity of the highest cultivation of the understanding with a total disorder of the natural feeling?

We will at first turn our attention to the consideration of the story, but only so far as is necessary for a knowledge of the idea and its treatment by Goethe. We can here spare no room for the details to the solution of which I have in

previous years devoted much time. Besides, these have been so fully discussed of late, that there is now scarcely anything left for literary endeavors, and little even for astrologico-magical or mythological researches.

The full genealogy of the story, traced back to its principal sources, leads away to an endless ramification. We must limit our inquiry to a mention of those elements which will assist us in making clear the transformation given by our poet to the old story.

The elements of the legend are, on the one hand, magic, and, on the other, a compact with the powers of evil; one belonging to the heathen age of dependence upon nature, the other to the ecclesiastical ideas of the middle ages. They are united in Faust.

In the middle ages the magic element had many different phases in different stories. Among the Italians we meet at once with Virgil, whom the popular tales raised into a sort of conjuror as the English did with Friar Bacon. Turning to the Germans, we find the magician Elberich, and in *Kärlingischen* the sorcerer Malegis, two more clearly mysterious beings. In the Breton stories Merlin appears, and always with a mysterious background of Druidical wisdom. The devil had desired to establish over against the kingdom of salvation, another kingdom for the destruction of the human race by sin. He intended, by surprising a pious nun in sleep, to beget for himself a son, who, as antithesis of the Son of God, was to unite the demonic will to the highest intelligence, an intention which was frustrated by the exceeding purity of Merlin's mother. Merlin became the protecting magician in the legends of King Arthur, and Immermann has devoted to him a dramatic poem, which, though somewhat heavy, is also full of thought. But with the magician of the legends of the Holy Grail, with Klingsor, the proper learned magic makes its appearance, and in his conflict with the Christian, Wolfram von Eschenbach, in the war of the Wartburg, we see the opposition to Christianity. If magic was allowed to be innocent, it yet led to the compact with the powers of evil. Thus in ancient time it was accounted a sin in Tritemius, Georgius Sabellius, Paracelsus, Agrippa von Nettesheim, and others.

This element of magic is one factor of the Faust-story; the other is the compact with the devil. Its rendering so that the compact involves the journey to hell, first appears in French. In Spanish, we have the temptation by the demon, but man is saved and conquers the evil in martyrdom. The Spanish Faust contains the transition from Paganism to Christianity. Calderon has represented this in two powerful dramas: in *El Joseph de las Mugerres* he has depicted an Alexandrine philosopher, Eugenio, and in the *Mágico prodigioso* a learned pagan, Cyprian. The action of both these dramas is much the same. Eugenio is led to renounce Paganism through meditation on the passage, *Nihil est idolum in mundo, quia nullus est Deus nisi unus*; and Cyprianus is similarly affected by thinking over a passage in Pliny. He completes a bargain with the devil, though he does not know him to be the devil, believing him to be only a great magician. Eugenio and Cyprianus finally both are put to death by the heathen. Ruin, by means of the devil, is shown in the Spanish story of *Tenorio de Sevilla*, which contains the original of Don Juan, the same which Molière has treated in *Le Festin de Pierre*. This has often in modern times been interwoven with the Faust story, because it has been desirable to contrast sensuality with intellectuality, and materialism with spirituality. But even Grabbe was not able, in spite of all the effort of his imagination and wit, to make effective such an amalgamation as the Faust and Don Juan stories.

The reason of the failure lies in the fact that when Faust plunges into the world and into an abyss of sensuality, he includes the essence of Don Juan as an element of his being, and that consequently Don Juan appears only as a superfluous double. Leporello also, with his prose comicality and pandering, is already present in Mephisto and thus equally superfluous. It is a proof of the great power of the German intellect that it has been able to perfect the two stories in Goethe's Faust and Mozart's Don Juan. Music is more powerful than poetry to disclose the depths of sensuality, because the latter cannot seize it directly as music can, but is obliged to use the mediation of the imagination. Music alone is capable of expressing the riot of the feelings in sensual

pleasure or in pain. In Don Juan the evil is rather audacity and frivolous unbelief. The attractive seducer angers us by his wantonness, but holds our interest by the boldness, manliness, and skill with which he carries out his opposition to the ethical. Mozart's work is as great a master-piece as the first part of Goethe's Faust.

But let us return to that. The story of the compact with Evil was, according to the Grecian legend, ascribed to Theophilus, deacon of the church at Adana, in the middle of the sixth century. His pupil Eutychianus wrote his history. He had sold himself to the devil because his bishop had taken from him his place, and Satan was to help him to regain it. The nun Roswitha von Gandersheim, in the tenth century, put this legend into Latin verse, and in the eleventh century the bishop Marbod of Rennes followed her. These hexameters were translated into French verse by the monk Gautier of Metz, who died in 1236, and in the same century were dramatized by Rutebeuf as a miracle-play, which was very much liked. This was reproduced from a translation into modern French in the *Théâtre français au moyen âge*, by Monmerqué and Michel, in Paris, in 1839, after it had become known among us by means of the prose abridgment of Le Grand d'Aussy in his *Fabliaux*, and through the collected works of the middle ages in Low German which Bruns gave to the public. In these stories less stress is laid on the agreement with Satan than on the cancelling of the same by Mary. Theophilus, for example, experiences bitter regret that he has given admittance to the devil, and beseeches Mary for salvation. She pities him and forces Satan to yield in spite of a fierce resistance. In the French literature of the middle ages the legend is called simply *Le repentir de Théophile*.

As has been said, the Faust-story grew out of the two elements of magic and a compact with the devil, and its contents are a thirst for secret knowledge and an agreement with the devil by which one was to have full enjoyment of the world and its pleasures for the space of twenty-four years. Faust is the Doctor of Philosophy, and studies at Wittenburg, i.e. at the university which had been the cradle of Protestant theology. There appears to be no doubt that there was once

a man who, in common with the inventor of printing, bore the name of Faust, and who was, by reason of his intellect and knowledge of art, an imposing character. He is said to have been born at Kundlingen (now Knittlingen) in Suabia. That he is said to have studied in Cracow as well as in Wittenburg may have arisen from the fact that there were Sclavonian magicians resembling Faust—the Bohemian Zyto and the Pole Twarsowsky. The history of Faust was first printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main, by Spiers, in 1587. In 1599 there appeared in Hamburg a very circumstantial account of the true history of his abominable sins and crimes; also the story of one Dr. Johannes Faustus, a world-renowned dealer in the black arts and in magic, from his practice in the same to his terrible end. From this time Faust became a chief character in the popular story-books and in the puppet-shows.

It is easy to see that the abstract spiritualism of the middle ages is negated in this Faust, who stands on Protestant ground. No longer shall the reality of pleasure remain in the future and in another world; it shall be in the present and in this present existence; and no longer shall the science of Theology remain a mystery. Faust desires to know what is the real secret of the external world, of its creation, and its maintenance. He the magician, the philosopher, who has renounced faith, signs himself away to the devil, and balances some tens of years of absolute enjoyment against an eternity of blessedness. He turns his back upon all authority, all ordinances human and divine, and stands by himself alone: and the devil agrees thereto.

With Goethe's wonderful poetic instinct, he has seized the important moments of the myth and freed it from all external encumbrances. For example of this, I mention all the stories of magic which constitute almost the whole content in Wagner's story, and Bechstein has represented most of them in his Faust-epos, while Goethe has contented himself with one touch (*instar omnium*), as where he makes the wine flow from the wood in Auerbach's cellar. According to his usual way, he has idealized everything. For example, in the old popular stories there was no Margaret. There is only a shopkeeper's servant, who yields to Faust only on the condition that he will marry her. He has by Helena a

son, Justus Faustus, who, as well as Helena, vanish at his death. Goethe transforms him into Euphorion. He has also, as in the legend of Theophilus, united the element of reconciliation with the worship of Mary: while he escapes falling into the mechanical method of salvation characteristic of the middle ages, yet—"the eternally feminine draws us on"—the divine longing towards the divine. [There is a systematic collection of all the Faust legends, made by Franz Peter about the year 1850—Leipsic, 1851.]

GOETHE'S POETICAL RENDERING OF FAUST.

In the old popular tales the story of Faust had a certain completeness; but in the puppet-shows there appeared an active carrying on of the story, and the development of the ironical element, of which we see little trace in the version of the printer Spiess or that of the learned Widmann. These are chiefly concerned in making prominent the mischief of astrology and magic, the art of the evil spirits in obtaining an influence over men; while the tendency to magnify the sacrilegious nature of magic, and of dealing with evil spirits, makes the Faust of the popular tales appear gloomy and melancholy. In the puppet-shows, on the contrary, we find appearing a certain comical audacity, personified by the jovial Kaspar: this being, however, much varied, according to the different places in which the play was produced. The Catholic or Protestant elements affected it more or less, as the different criticisms on the play from Augsburg, Erlangen, Berlin, and other places, plainly show. This was one of the most favorite pieces exhibited in the German puppet-shows, but in literature there existed for a long time only a few fragments of it in an abstract which Franz Horn has given in his "German Literature." We now possess the whole, though probably with some additions and modifications, by Karl Simrock (Frankfort, 1846). There also appeared, in 1850, at Leipsic, another version, by an unknown hand—"The Puppet-show of Dr. Faust: for the first time printed in its true and original shape, with an Introduction and Critical Notes, illustrated by wood-cuts." The character of Kaspar is drawn with much humor.

Almost all great geniuses who lived in this stormy period

of the world's history were attracted by the theme of Faust. The literary historians name even Lessing, in this connection, with Klinger, Müller, and Lenz. But Lessing really wrote only a few scenes of the puppet-show: he was probably attracted, in the scene of the conjuration of the spirits, by the going over of the External to the Internal. Faust tries the speed of the spirits. In the beginning it does not satisfy him. He is satisfied only with the rapidity equal to that of thought; meaning that that alone is the something which is as great as the going over from the good to the bad. Lenz wrote only some fragments. Müller's Faust also remains in fragments: he concerns himself more with the spirits. His Faust has contracted debts, and, in addition to the inclination for a life of splendor, full of sensual pleasure, has a desire for reputation in science and art. Mephistopheles rescues him from the distress into which his debts have plunged him, frees him from the debtors' prison, and, later, allows him to enjoy the love of the queen of Arragon. Müller has succeeded best in the painting of the jovial student life and the Jewish creditor, and not at all well with the character of the demi-god Faust. Mephistopheles is very conscientious in his dealings with him. After twelve years of voluptuous worldliness have passed, he reminds him that he has only twelve remaining; Faust shall not say that he goes to hell unwarned. The devil offers to let him go back, but paints for him the wretched existence into which he will then return; and Faust clasps his hands together over his head, cannot summon a manly resignation, and slinks weeping away. A Faust who weeps because he must give up a miserable, banqueting life and sensual pleasure! He is no Faust. — Klinger wrote a Western and an Eastern Faust, in prose. In the latter, the idea of Faust is dissipated in many words; in the former, we have a criticism of the actual world. Faust, who is dissatisfied with the world, desires, like Karl Moor, to improve it: he will reward the good and punish the bad. The devil, under the name of Leviathan, is to assist him in this effort. But then Faust makes the discovery by his experience, how that by means of which he was to remedy the perversity of history, and to correct what, according to his ideas, was the great error in the ordering of the world,

turns out, on the contrary, to be precisely that which increases the confusion, evokes new crimes, and spreads the evil. He is doomed to see his own son upon the gallows as a consequence of his fancy of reforming the world. Full of shame, he must confess that the history of the world is the government of God; and Leviathan, with scornful laughter, leads him away to hell.

These sketches ought not to be useless in enabling us to see more clearly the setting which Goethe gave to the theme of Faust. We find that both Müller and Klinger have endeavored to idealize the stand-point of the old story, but that they both have been embarrassed by it. One gives Faust a more theoretical and the other a more practical stamp, but they both allow him to be utterly ruined. This is the strong point of the story. It is perfectly orthodox, even if the subjective freedom by which it frees Faust from all authority trenches upon the ground of Protestantism. Müller and Klinger strip off the confused mass of secret art in which the puppet-shows had taken the lead, but they change the traditional character neither of Faust nor of the devil.

Goethe's prerogative consists in the fact that his Faust is a totality, neither theoretical only, nor practical only, but standing as a representative of the whole human race. He announced in this drama the Evangel of a new Christianity; that is to say, of that Christianity which sinks the process of subduing the world contemplated in the life of Christ into the soul of the individual man, so that he shall follow his example, and shall, through such depth of reconciliation, through such a power of internality, become master of fate. Goethe did not make the bad absolute, for he shows us the devil vanquished. The totality in the character of Faust had also this result: the picture of the whole world was made to group itself around Faust, in a sort of symbolical reflection, in a wealth of shapes which finds its analogue only in Dante's Divine Comedy. The rising above the old Orthodoxy, however, made it necessary that Faust should be saved and the devil cheated of his soul. We are now accustomed to speak of the Second Part of Faust. The many continuations of the First Part, which seem to be inexhaustible, are very familiar; but if we inquire in whose mind there arose first

the idea of a second part, we are forced to assign the honor to Goethe.

Faust represents for us the tragedy of the soul itself. We find no longer here only single sides of its existence, as politics in Egmont, love in Stella, devotion to the family in Iphigenia, art in Tasso, &c.; but it is the substance of the soul itself which is here led into the conflict.

Considered in and for itself, the soul is in its absoluteness always identical with itself. God in himself has no history: therefore the angels rejoice at the beginning of the tragedy, praising His lofty works, which are as glorious as on the day of creation.

But the individual finite soul must create history. It lives itself out of the present into the future, and thus creates for itself a past. The infinite nature of its knowing and willing must incessantly be made, as it were, finite. It goes from moment to moment, from deed to deed, from work to work. In its productivity, in its limitation of its own infinity, it forgets itself. But as fast as it sets any limit, it goes beyond this limit; for its infinite nature is not exhausted in that, and, from every special content of life, from every action, from every vocation [*bestimmtheit*] which it assigns to itself, it returns back into itself. Its freedom towers above all its manifestations. As compared with itself, all particular actions which it exhibits are mere fragments.

When the soul through its own history does not become at last content, we have the true tragedy. But through how much trouble and torment must the human being have to comprehend the necessity of limiting his divine nature in the externalizing of his individual life to one special finitude, to one history! The tragedy shows Faust in this contradiction of himself. He breaks not only with his past but with his future. What is on that side shall concern him little. He wrenches himself free from all divine and human powers. He deserts faith, love, hope; but chief of all, patience. He will have only the present for his God. But, as soon as he has turned away from the soul and from reason, he can find satisfaction only in sensuality. He promises the devil that he will relinquish his side of the agreement if he ever finds full satisfaction for any one instant, and says to it, "Ah, still

delay—thou art so fair!” Then shall the index on the clock of his life fall, and time for him be no more. Faust is the modern Titan who fights against the divinity in his own nature.

As the necessary form of the soul by which it is forced to create the realization of its freedom within the limits of history, the pain which we feel at our finitude, at the imperfection and fragmentariness of our actions, is simple pain. If we look backward at our never-returning past, it becomes melancholy; if forward into the future, longing. Faust has been for a long time certain that the finite can never satisfy him, and the devil offers him the possibility of satisfaction. Mephistopheles could never have approached him if this had not been the case.

But our action first makes us divided in ourselves, if we place ourselves in a negative relation to the nature of our freedom, to its necessity. We may say that, in contrast with the necessity in Nature, its truth is freedom; but we can never forget that, on the other hand, the truth of freedom constitutes its own necessity. Faust, in his pain at seeing the emptiness of his study, is still innocent; but as soon as he shall make his knowing absolute—as soon as he adjures the spirits and recognizes that he is unequal to them—as soon as he will not bow the loftiness of his human nature to the dignity of the divine, and attempts to poison himself,—he becomes immediately bad. The remembrance of his early life of faith, the peal of the Easter bells, the sound of the hymns that joyfully salute the arisen Christ, once more touch his soul, but they cannot have any permanent hold upon him. Faith for him is lost. He will have absolute enjoyment; he will enjoy all that falls to the lot of man—enamored hate, inspiriting vexation. And when by this means he has widened his individual self to the self of all humanity, when he has made the experience of all his own, even then at the end he must go to wreck like them. In the height of his own power, he finds the courage not to tremble at the crash of the shipwreck. This absoluteness of pure subjectivity is evil already. Mephisto is only the external appearance of the internal event, and Faust at once addresses him as an intimate friend.

It is through the power of evil that he is forced into the actual realization of his opposition to the divine forces of life, and he is torn by the contradiction. He becomes really guilty. He seduces Margaret, causes the death of her mother, kills her brother, and leaves his beloved one to loneliness and finally to infanticide. In reviewing this simple yet terrible history, he must be conscious of the pains of hell.

We should now, as in the old story, find Faust ripe for ruin, had Goethe not known how to hold him by means of the mediation of Mephistopheles, so that he does not without mediation let him descend to the level of a common villain. This is avoided by means of the devil; Faust, on the contrary, manifests a certain esoteric isolation. The devil does more and more as becomes him: the sleeping potion, through his art, becomes poison; the wounding thrust, murder; the trade for the hut of Philemon and Baucis, robbery. The evil being of Faust is always capable of salvation by reason of the noble traits which are, as it were, fused in it. He is never consumed in it—he never takes in it any of the pleasure which would at once have sealed him as belonging to the devil. He simply just enters therein, as if in order to make a study of the real nature of the soul; and, in the very midst of the diabolical, in the bestiality of Auerbach's cellar, in the witches' kitchen, and on the Blocksberg, he is still conscious of dissatisfaction—nay, he is even repelled, and has the appearance of a spectator who is at heart foreign to these dissolute actions.

What is noble in Faust is his striving after perfection. It is this effort which first throws him into the devil's power, but it is this which frees him from it. Faust goes astray through his "obscurest aspiration," as the Lord calls it in the Prologue. He goes from heaven, through the world, to hell: this is the first part. But then, having reached the extreme point of self-seeking, he works himself out of hell, through the world again, up to heaven: this is the second part. The heavenly powers can save him who makes an effort to struggle.

"And if he feels the grace of Love
That from on high is given,
The Blessed Hosts that wait above
Shall welcome him to heaven."

Whoever will rightly comprehend the relation of the story to the rendering which Goethe has given, must understand the remodelling as a carrying out of the story. In the popular tales, and still more in the puppet-shows, Faust is throughout marked with a certain melancholy which drives him even so far that he for a moment is seized by repentance and is about to turn to God in prayer, when Mephistopheles takes this instant to mock him and thus to prevent his returning to the good. Goethe, with his great poetic instinct, has retained this, and has shaped it into some of his most terrible scenes, in which the strength of feeling in Faust as ethical Idealism, even in the volcanic outburst of despair, lets the chill of the devil's mocking scorn die away gradually into nothing. But Goethe has intensified this touch; he has made it the foundation of the Second Part, which is the story of Faust's salvation. We ventured above to point this out as a new conception of the Christian religion. The old Orthodoxy had retained still the eternity of hellish torment, and of an external, historical, mechanical salvation; while it had set on one side the origin of sin as quite external to man, as a diabolical person.

This mechanism to the origin of evil and that of its negation has been in these present days subsumed under other beliefs. We no longer believe in a devil outside of us, and no longer in a salvation which, if we may so speak, could make us holy behind our backs and from without. Hell, purgatory, and heaven, have all taken their abode within our selves. Any one of us, doubtless, can become a devil. But every one of us, however far he has let himself fall, however low he may have sunk, whatever frivolous folly he may have carried on, into whatever abyss he may have fallen,—every one of us can raise himself again, and can work his way up out of the most torturing ruin again to reconciliation with his soul. This faith in the unconquerable power of true freedom has created for us a more active, more ethical rejection of the evil; but, also, because we have learned more rightly to know the organic genesis of the abnormality of evil, a greater gentleness towards the evil-doer.

This new religion is the eternal Christianity itself, but only in a new stage of its historical development in the world.

All the best efforts of our time are rooted therein, and even the false sentimentality with which we so often come in contact in the treatment of wrong-doers is in its aim only a caricature of the sublime tendency of Christianity to hate the sin and love the sinner. This higher conscious knowledge of the vision of the world which is founded on Christianity; this manifestation of our most secret and most bitter fight between knowledge and faith, willing and doing, striving and attaining, the good and the bad; this creed of our real self-consciousness, while it frees itself from all mechanical authority, creating out of its self-assurance its own eternal freedom; this delineation of the conquering of the world by means of an assiduous, active effort for improvement, and still for more improvement,—all these forces are united into one power in Goethe's poem of Faust, by which the world has been for a long time made fruitful, and by whose formative energy it will still be more and more quickened.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Translated from the German of IMMANUEL KANT, by A. E. KROEGER.

PART FIRST.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL DIDACTIC

Concerning the manner in which to recognize the Internal as well as the External of Man.

BOOK FIRST.

CONCERNING THE FACULTY OF COGNITION.

§ 6. *Concerning the Perspicuity and Obscurity in the Consciousness of our Representations.*

The consciousness of our representations which suffices to *distinguish* one object from another is called CLEARNESS; but that whereby even the composition of our representations is made clear is called PERSPICUITY. The latter alone changes a sum of representations into a KNOWLEDGE; in which, since every conscious composition presupposes its unity, and hence